

MY BOYS

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MY BOYS

AUG./ SEPT. 1971



DON



KIRK



BRUCE



RANDY



PETE

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the NATURE LOVER

My name's Don, but all my friends ... all my *real* friends like to think of me as the nature lover. Guys like Kirk and Bruce and Randy and Pete, they're my real friends and I guess we're as natural with each other as a couple of guys can get.

Sometimes I even tend to think that I lead two lives. First I've got this apartment in town. It's not much, but it's where I do my livin' and lovin' during the week when I've got to work at the used car lot.

But during the weekends, and even on my day off, I just tear ass out to this groovy place in the woods that I call my own. It's back out of the way where nobody can see what goes on, and that's good 'cause the kind of suckin' and screwin' that we do there would burn the ears off a brass monkey!

So that's what I meant when I said that I sort of lead two lives. Not that I'm any kind of split personality, or crazy anything like that. I'm just the same warm, sexy, hot lovin' fucker with all of my boys.

My boys!

I really dig thinkin' of Kirk and Bruce and Randy and Pete as *my* boys 'cause we have such a great time in bed and I just couldn't *bear* to think that anybody else gets the pleasure of their tender, warm mouths goin' down on 'em, or their firm, rounded backsides bein' offered up to anybody else's long, hot prick.

Talk about a long dork, I don't think I have to worry about much competition in that department! Gawd! There's lots of guys who can take a fella's rod



in their mouths and go down on anywhere from three-quarters of it to even the whole hot length! But mine, well, that's a horse of a different color. I guess Kirk's come the closest to takin' as much of my prong in his mouth

as any boy I've known, and even *he* can only swallow about half of it!

But that's gettin' ahead of my story. Kirk came over the other afternoon on my day off, and I don't mind tellin' you that I was

glad to see him. I dig ballin' on the weekend fine, but by the middle of the week I've got so much creamy love juice stored up in my nuts that I can hardly *stand* the wait for Saturday and Sunday.

And Kirk knew that. He's one of my boys who just *loves* to take care of my needs, if you get what I mean. Anyway, he came by and within two minutes we were down on my bed and his

eager hands were unbuttoning my shirt.

We looked deep in each other's eyes. He has these smoldering brown eyes that are so warm and so exciting that I never can keep my hands off him. And that afternoon was no exception. I reached out and gripped the massive bulge at his crotch while he placed his strong hand behind my neck and drew my mouth down on his.

We kissed hotly and heavily then, but his free hand kept itself busy with my shirt until finally he'd gotten it off. Then he stroked my bare chest, paying considerable attention to my tingling nipples. I just relaxed while he gave my fly a quick unzip and drew my massive plumb-bing out into the open.

Then, as I felt my rigid organ being swallowed up by Kirk's hungry mouth, I just gave in to all of the quaking and rumbling that was raging through my body and let his skillful tongue and lips bring me to a gushing come.

Man oh man! When I felt that thick, pesky load that I'd accumulated since last weekend drain out of my body it just felt like the weight of the world was suddenly removed from my shoulders.

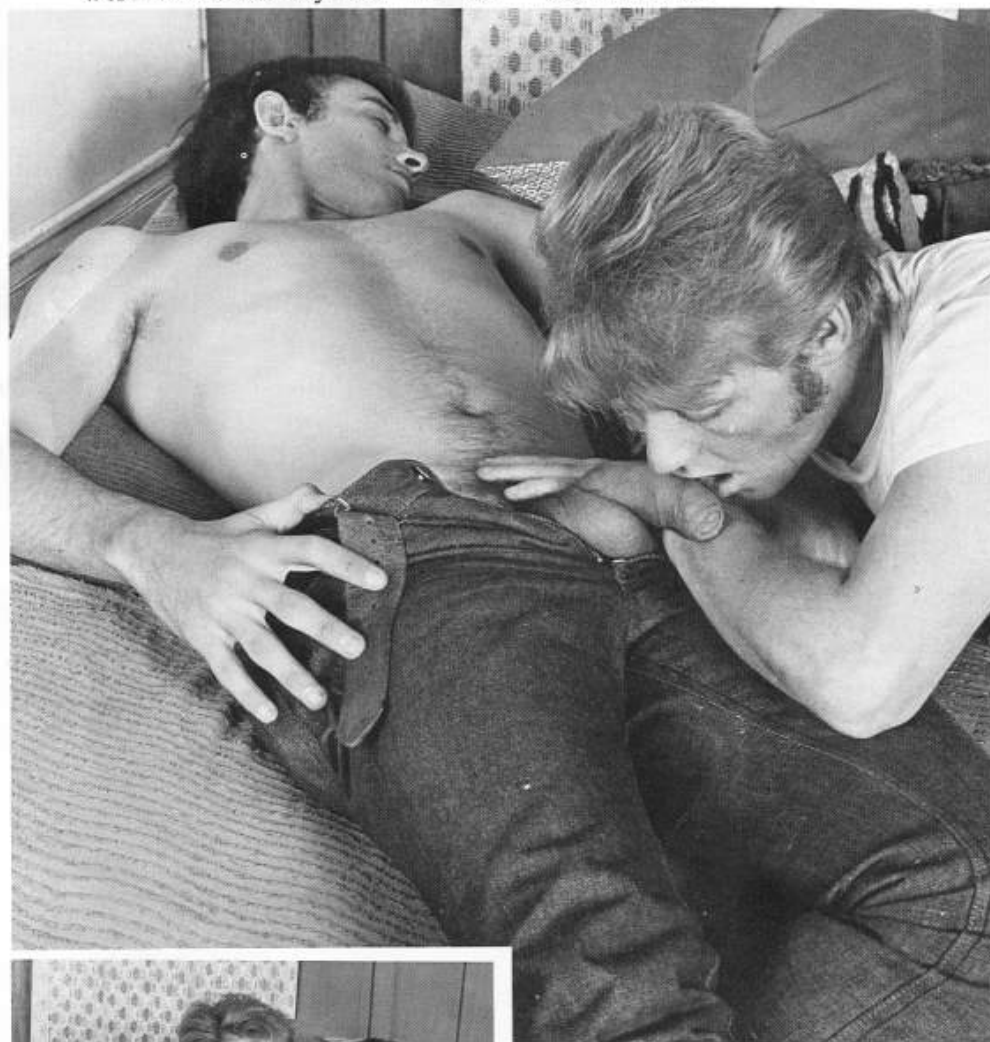
Kirk swallowed down the last of my boiling seed and smiled up at me happily. A moment like that was one of the nicest things about making it with my boys. I mean, two guys feel so *close* to each other at a moment like that that it almost transcends verbal description.

I kissed Kirk tenderly and helped him get out of his clothes until finally our passionate bodies were pressed tightly against each other. I plunged my tongue deep inside his mouth and he closed his lips tightly around my tongue and pressed down gently with his teeth.

I felt buzzes of electricity flit through my body as we clung hotly to each other. His pole was hard and arching by then so I went down on him and quickly drained him of the pressure that had built up in his loins.

And still we hadn't got enough of each other. We both wanted to love again and again that afternoon but we were quite spent from what we'd already done.

Then I got an idea. I decided to tell Kirk about the last Saturday that I'd spent with Bruce down in my wooded hideaway. I figured that just talking about the things Bruce and I did would make me hard and ready in no time flat!





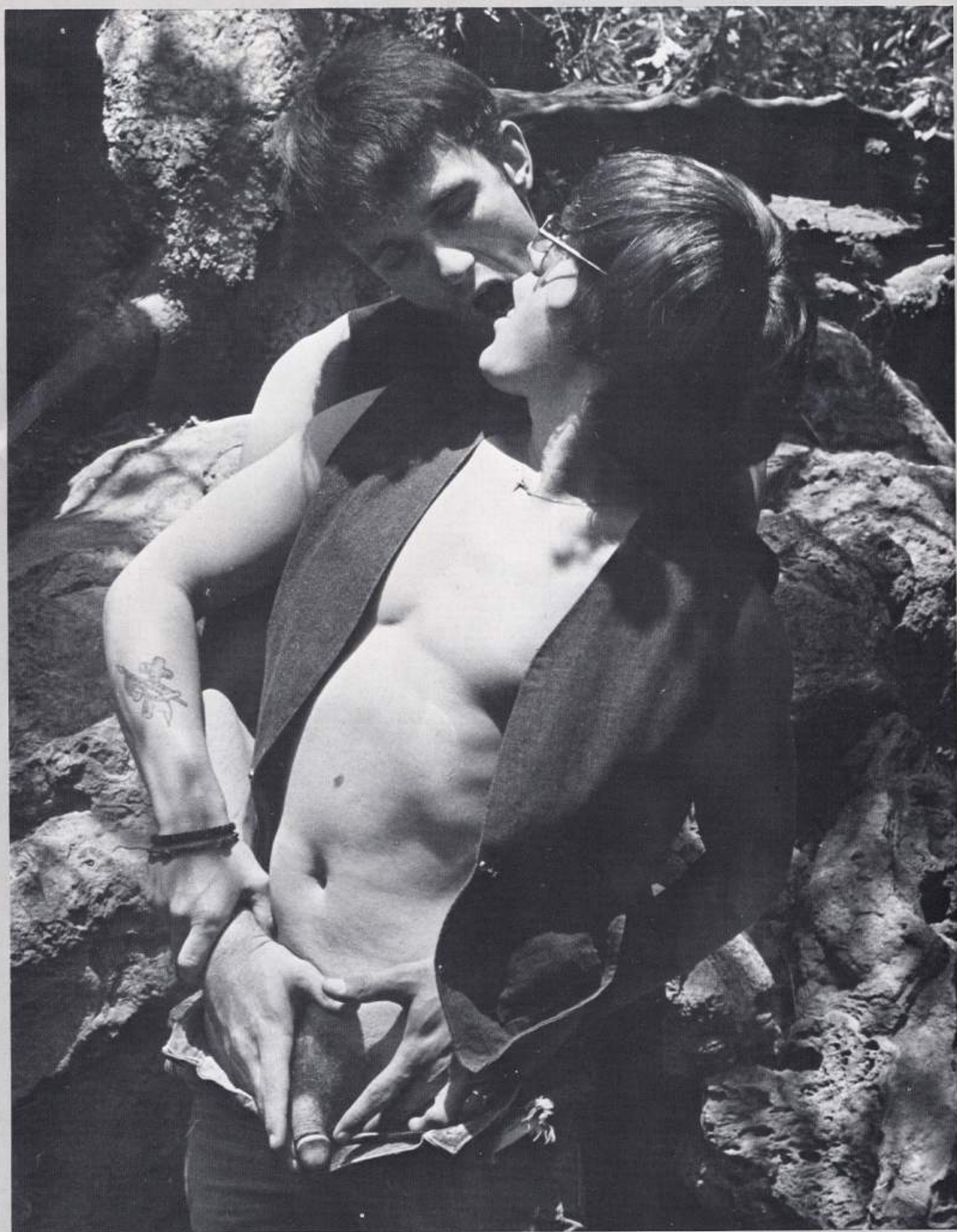
PICNIC IN THE WOODS



Bruce is one of my boys who really digs the nature scene. He picked me up early last Saturday and we rode out on his motorcycle to my little sylvan hide-away. I'd brought along a couple of big bottles of wine, some fruit and some bread and cheese. I figured that that would be a feast for a couple of princes like us.

Only we ended up eating a lot more than that! We finished up all of the food except for one juicy apple, and that we decided to share. We took turns taking a big healthy bite out of that apple until finally it was all gone . . . all except a lot of sweet juice smeared across Bruce's honeypot mouth.

Well, you know how it is when you're out in all the quiet and peace of the country. It just gets to you, you know, until finally you just don't worry about the preliminaries and you get right down to doin' what comes naturally.







I just leaned over and flicked my tongue back and forth across Bruce's lips, lapping up all of that sweet apple juice. Then he dug his fingers into my arm and kept me pressed against his face while our tongues mingled together in a passionate frenzy.

Man, I was *really* hard then, and my thick cock head was pressed out against the rough fabric of my dungarees. I figured then that it ought to be pressing up against something more useful, so I worked around behind

Bruce and felt my bulging dork nestle between Bruce's ass cheeks.

He was still wearin' his dungarees, but he didn't have any underwear on. That made it easy to press up a little in that crease between his tender buns.

I just couldn't keep my hands on his body. I ran my fingers up and down the expanse of his naked chest, and then I just unzipped his pants and spread the top of them apart so I could get a good grip on his whang.

He had a good stiff on him by then, although it was nothing to compare to mine. Even Bruce knew that, and he lost no time in skinning out of his clothes and then helping me out of mine.

I knew what he wanted, that thirsty sucker! Not that I could blame him. I mean, if I was standin' right there in front of a naked stud like me, well, I know damn well I just wouldn't be able to keep my mouth shut!

Bruce did just what I expected him to do. He dropped down on





his knees and gobbled my goodie until I felt like I was gonna explode! But then, just before I felt the great rumbling in my tubes that would have signalled the start of my cream job, I pulled my hard staff back out of his mouth and tried to cool myself down.

Bruce looked up at me with a startled expression on his face. He couldn't figure out why I'd pulled my organ out of his mouth just when he was about to get a nice hot mouth wash with my creamy load.

Then the startled expression went away and I could see that he felt hurt. He must have thought that I wanted to deprive

him of the joy of swallowing my surging output. But that wasn't it at all.

I pulled Bruce up and took him in my arms, tenderly and with love. I explained that much as I would have liked to shoot off in his mouth, there was something that I wanted to do even more than that. I wanted to thrust myself up in his tight puckered ring and flood his insides with my maleness.

And as soon as he heard that, everything was all right. I could tell right away that much as he wanted to suck me off, getting stuffed with my pole was Bruce's idea of real joy!

We kissed then, and as our lips



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crushed feverishly together I let my hands roam around his body, grasping his ass cheeks and tweaking his rod and just having a fine old time.

My little secret spot was so beautiful in the lazy afternoon sun that Bruce and I just decided to amble around the place enjoying all that nature had to offer. But as much as we liked the bushes and the great rocks and the trees and all the other natural things, we still couldn't keep our hands off each other.

I looked at my boy Bruce and

it just seemed to me that nature didn't have *anything* to offer that was more perfect, more beautiful, more downright *exciting* than him.

Except maybe me.

I mean, I know a fella's supposed to be modest and all that, but I can't very well be modest when I can see what a glorious cock I have. And that's what it's all about, right? At least that's what my boys all tell me. How can a guy be modest when he has boys like Kirk and Bruce and Randy and Pete, all hungry for







his body any time of the day or night?

Like, you gotta be realistic. Life's too short to get all bogged down in hangups, right? You take a couple of guys like Bruce and me. Each one of us knew what the other was feeling. After all, we both had the same equipment and we both had the same desires. From that point on, the only thing of any importance is doing something about it!

And that's what we did. We went off by this big rock and just fondled each other, getting each other worked up to a good head of steam. I still had that bursting load inside my tubes and Bruce was still thirsty for it.

Poor Bruce. He dropped down to his knees in another attempt to drink my nectar, and by then I was so hot to trot that I was almost willing to give in to his eager, searching mouth.

But no. I had to exercise some



self discipline if I was going to thrust myself up his track. And I wanted to do that *very* much.

To try to make up for holding out on him I decided to go down on him and treat him to a real nice blow job. And you know something? I think I got as much out of it as he did.

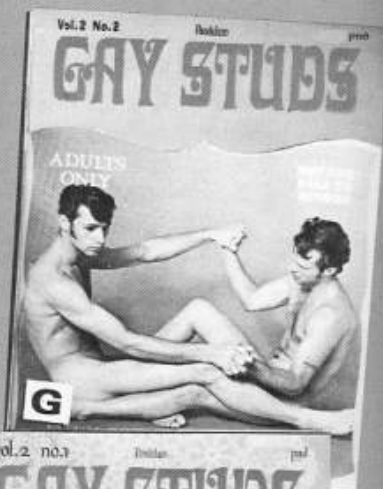
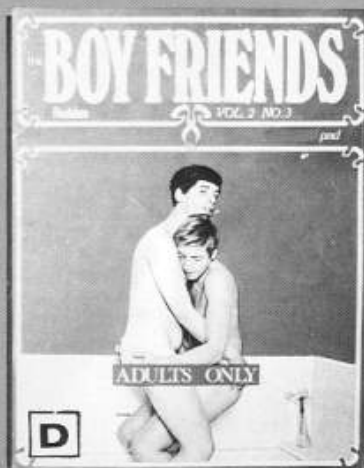
Then he obligingly got down on all fours and let me spread his buns while I pressed my blunt head up against his tight hole. He grunted then as I began to penetrate him, but he took almost my whole length just like a champ and I started jamming and jabbing away with all of the lovin' energy that I'd been holding in check.



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Wow!

Just tellin' Kirk about that Saturday with Bruce gave me a roaring hard! And I could tell that he was stiff too, 'cause he was pushin' it up behind me and a couple of times he almost pushed right up inside me!

But I could also tell that he wanted some good hot sucking action. All that talk about goin' down on Kirk's rod and him tryin' so friggin' hard to suck me off had turned the trick and both Kirk and I were *achin'* to resume our ball crushin' sex session.

We kissed for a couple of minutes, but Kirk kept jamming his bone against my back very insistently, so finally I just wiggled around and gave his flute a few

hot licks.

As soon as I started that Kirk began to moan and groan and carry on like something wild! Of course I could well understand why he was acting that way. I mean, I *do* have something of a reputation for sucking, and when one of my boys has a come in my mouth, well, he *really* has a come!

But I could tell right away that Kirk was as hot as a pistol, and I didn't want him to shoot off half cocked, if you get what I mean. The afternoon was still young, and there was plenty of time for us to really draw things out and make them nice.

I got his tool good and lathered up, and then I had him do me

for a while. I was standin' up at first while Kirk sat on the bed and sucked, but after a while my knees started feelin' so weak that I just couldn't stand any more.

That's somethin' that happens to me quite often when one of my boys wraps his mouth around my big prong. I really like to be sucked. Perhaps you can understand that. But the thing is, I've got to be in a relaxed position or otherwise I'll just turn into a lump of jelly.

And that was happenin' to me right then and there. All the strength in my legs was seepin' out of me and I just collapsed down on the bed. I sprawled out then and gave Kirk plenty of head room.

Up and down Kirk's handsome head bobbed, and each time that he went down on my turgid pole he tried to take in another inch or so of my good beef.

Brave Kirk! He knows how much I like my boys to take in as much of my prick as they can, and Kirk was trying valiantly to get almost all of it down his throat. But as much as I like the feeling, I could have told him that tryin' was impossible. I mean, I just have *too much* to take in at once. It's as simple as that.

But Kirk kept trying. He figured that maybe if we changed positions so that he was on his back and I was straddlin' his chest with my dork thrust down his throat that he'd be able to take all of me in.

We tried it that way, and he opened up real wide so I could just lower my thick prong right down his gullet. Inch by inch my rigid maleness slid into his throat, and after four or five inches I could feel his throat muscles start to contract along the length of my organ.

That was a really groovy feeling. I guess you could say it felt something like being *milked*, if such a thing is really possible.

But then it started to get too









much for him and I had to pull back a little to keep from making him gag. Poor Kirk. I will give him an A for effort. But then I would do the same for any of my boys. That's the real test of friendship, by my way of thinking.

Anyway, I decided to make it easier for both Kirk and me. I just pulled back and lay flat on the bed while he nestled up in my crotch and got back down to business. I could tell from all of his moans and his panting that he was really hot as a firecracker, and I figured that I'd do him just as soon as he finished me off.

But you know what? It didn't happen that way. Just as I felt my dork fill out to its greatest dimensions and the thick cream that was my load gushed down the spillway and out into his

sucking mouth, well, Kirk's pistol shot off just as if somebody had pulled his trigger.

His thick stream shot out and over everything. It was the wildest thing I'd seen in a long time. But poor Kirk, he was disappointed 'cause he thought he'd let me down. Well, I told you how considerate my boys are of me, and that's the perfect example.

But I assured him that he hadn't let me down. He'd just given me a real nice mouth job, and I would be perfectly happy to reciprocate just as soon as he got his strength back.

And to help both of us get our strength back, I decided to tell him about what I did the previous Sunday . . . the day after Bruce and I had made it out in my hideaway.

Of all of my boys I think Randy is the most colorful. That doesn't mean that I like him the best. I don't think I could *ever* make a decision like that. I mean, each one of them is *special*



STICKS & STONES









in his own way, if you get what I mean.

It's just that Randy has this thing about whips and chains and stuff like that. He likes to be tied up and then he likes me to whip him and flog him and just carry on like that for a long time.

And you know what? I've actually made him come from doing that! That's right. Out in my secret wooded hideaway he's had me wrap the thick rope around his cock and his balls, and then he's had me flog him with the other end of the rope until his prong was as hard and throbbing as any cock could ever get.

That's the sort of thing that we did last Sunday, Randy and me. He called me up toward the end of the week and wanted to know if I had any plans for the weekend. Well, I told him that I did have plans for Saturday—you know about Bruce and me—but Sunday was still open.

Randy begged me then to let him come out to my camp in the woods. He volunteered to bring all that was necessary for a day of *real* fun and I knew right away that he was talkin' about bringin' more than just the beer!

Randy has this *tremendous*



collection of whips and leather thongs and various kinds of rope, and for some reason he really gets a big thrill out of having me use them on him.

Actually I think I can understand why he gets excited. Sometimes I even find my own prick rising up in savage hunger because of what I'm doing to his handsome young body.

I mean, there's just *something* about bringing a thick length of whip right down across another's guy's back. And hearin' him groan and cry out, well, that's like the icing on the chocolate cake!

That's how we started out that Sunday afternoon. We polished off about half of the beer right away and then Randy skinned out of his pants. He kept his leather vest on at first 'cause he said that made it more exciting for him.

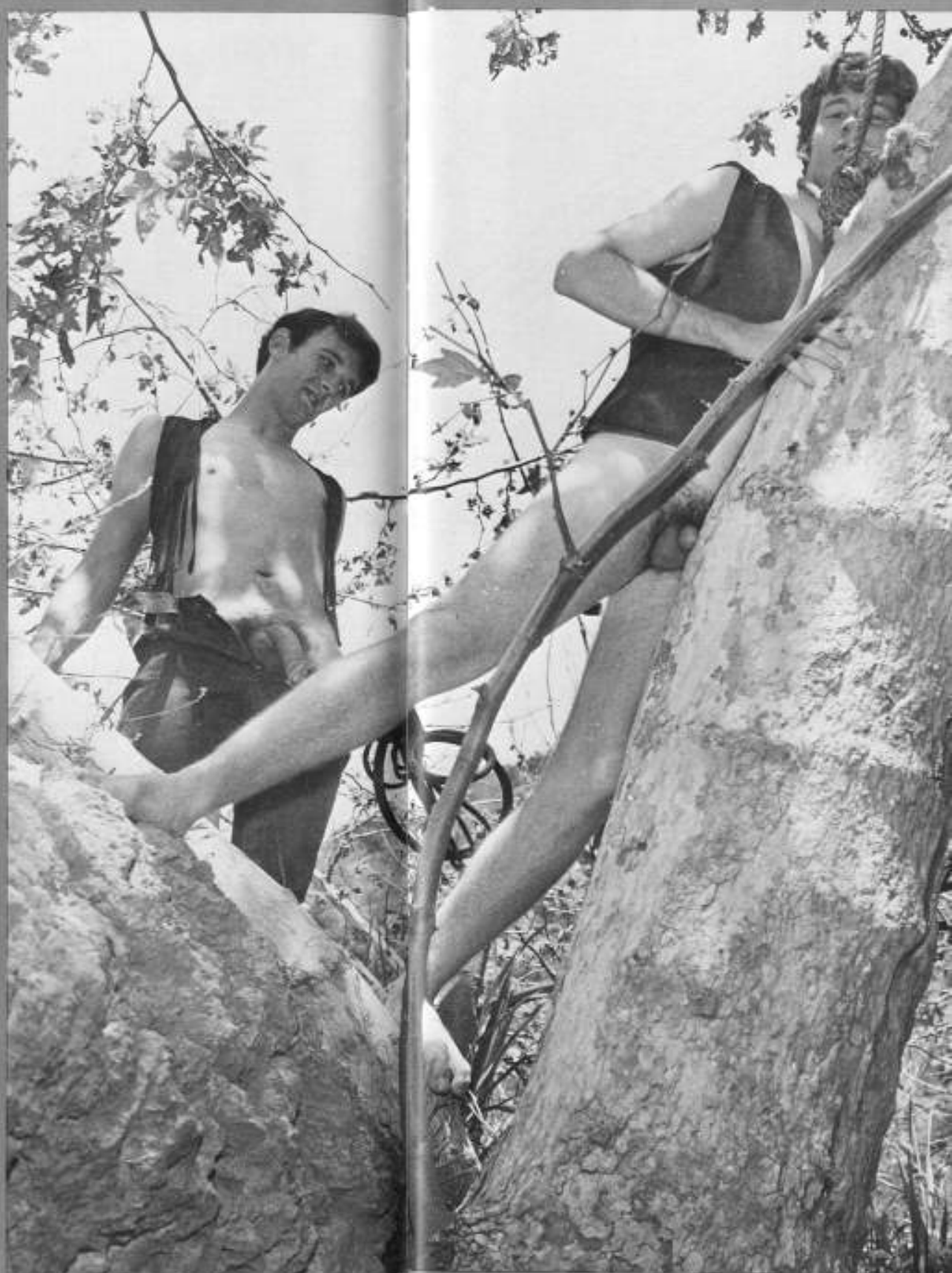
Well, anything my boys want, that's what I'm ready to give 'em. We decided we would play like Robin Hood out in Sherwood Forest. Naturally I was Robin Hood, and Randy was one of my merry men . . . or should I say gay men. Well, it's all the same, when it comes right down to it.

Anyway, we picked a nice little nest between two broken trees, and I tied a thick noose around Randy's neck to go along with our game. He was one of my men who had been guilty of some misdeed, you see, and I was administering his punishment to him.

Whack!

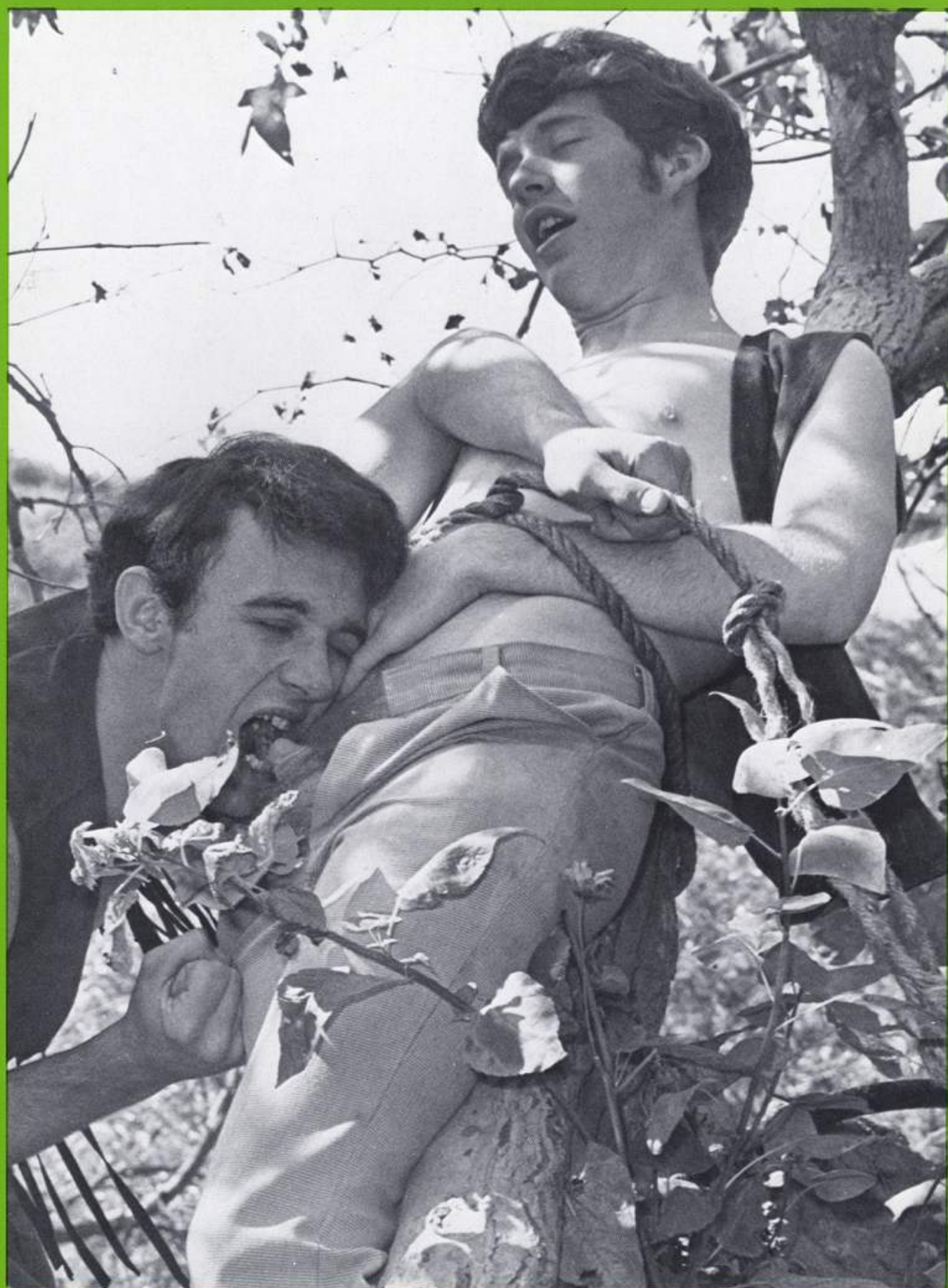
I brought the whip down across his back and he yelped in pain. Oh, don't make any mistake. He *loved* it! I could see by the way he twitched his candy ass that waves of pleasure were starting to flow through his body.

To check on this I reached around and grasped his prick, but he wasn't hard yet. The tremblings in his organ were only just













beginning. So I used the whip several more times until I had my sweet boy tossing and carrying on with ecstasy.

Then I turned him around and buried my teeth in his tender, tanned flesh. Like I said, he had his pants off when we started, but we stopped long enough to put them on again. Then I resumed licking and sucking and biting his flesh with the ravenous desires of a cannibal!

But Randy got tired of having his pants on so he took them off again. I remember sayin' to myself that I wished he would make up his mind!

But I was too worked up by the sight of his near naked body to worry too much about crap like that. I figured it was high time that I got my big sausage out of my pants and into the sunlight. After all, they don't call me nature lover for nothing!

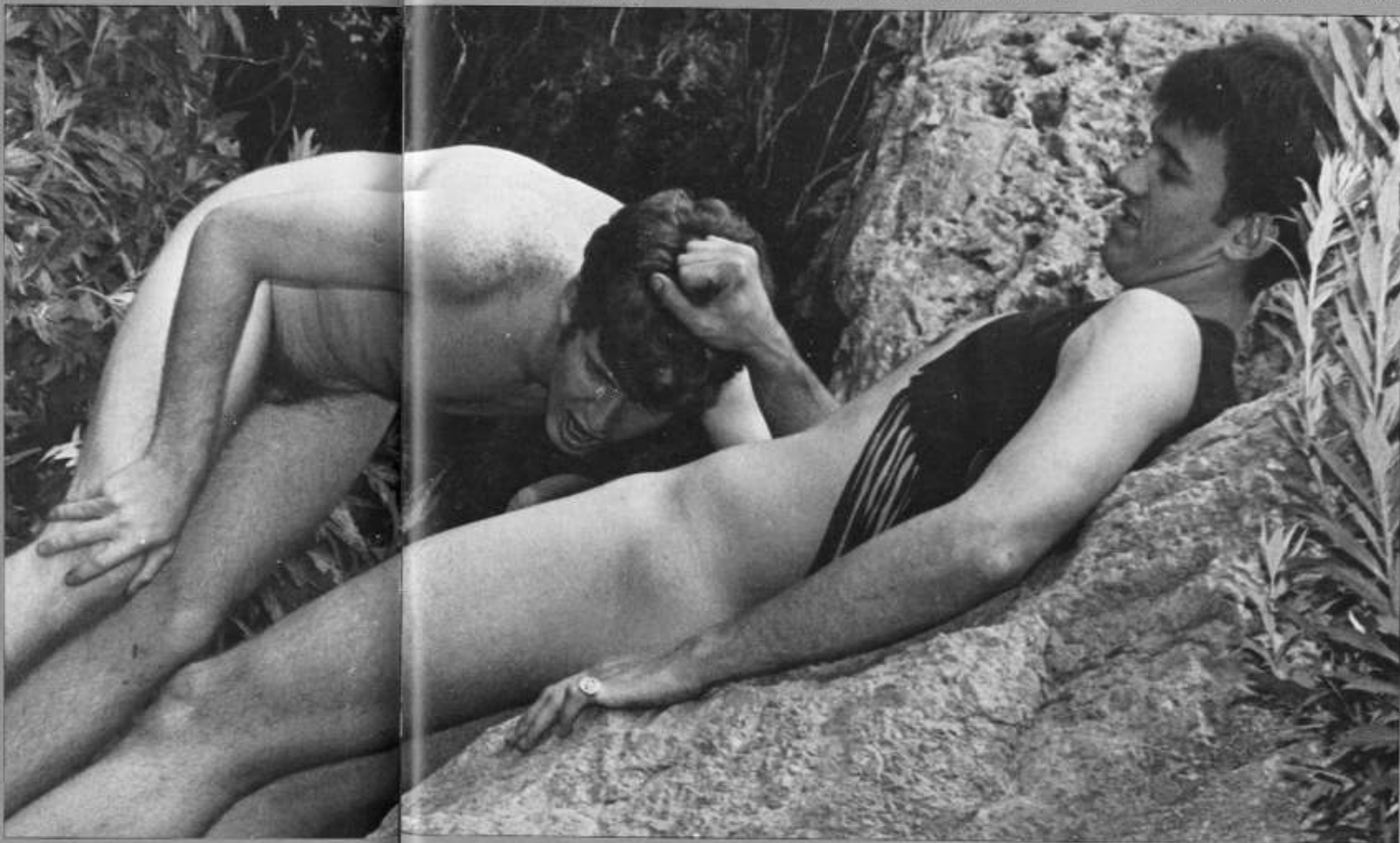
As soon as I unhooked my pants my prong leaped out into the open and dangled menacing from side to side. It acted like a diving rod that had finally caught a whiff of water. Only there was no water in sight . . . just a soft set of buns that looked like they were just *achin'* to have a nice thick sausage tucked up between

them!

But before I had a chance to do something about that Randy begged me to take his tool in my mouth and relieve him of the congestion that had built up in his balls, thanks to the whipping.

I did as he asked me to, since I'm always ready and willing to come to the aid of any of my boys. I just dropped down at his feet and opened wide, letting his rigid rod slip between my lips and deep into my mouth.

Then I closed down around the shaft gently but firmly, letting my soft lips act as a loving collar to his cock. He moaned





softly then, and I could appreciate just how he was feeling. Many a time, when one of my boys slips his mouth around my pole with the warmth and snugness of a glove, well, I know how *I* feel. There's nothing like it, man. I'm givin' you the straight dope!

Randy kept on moaning that way all the while I bobbed relentlessly along the length of his column. And even though Randy isn't equipped with anything like I've got, his bone is still a tempting, tasty morsel.

To make a long story short, I finally just applied suction to the thick, big apple head of his wand, letting my tongue probe up against the little hole in the center of it. Then I felt his thickness throb and shudder and a second or so later I had to start

swallowing like a madman to keep from spilling any of his precious seed.

I slurped and drank and gulped and finally had to turn my head a little to the side in order to swallow as fast as he was spurting the good stuff out. His rich, thick love juice *gushed* into my mouth and I realized after a couple of seconds that my eyes were rolling spasmodically around and around in my head.

We rested for a few minutes after that, but our game was far from over. After all, I still had my jollies to get and the afternoon was still early. We decided to play then that Randy was trying to escape, and he scrambled up on top of a big rock nearby.

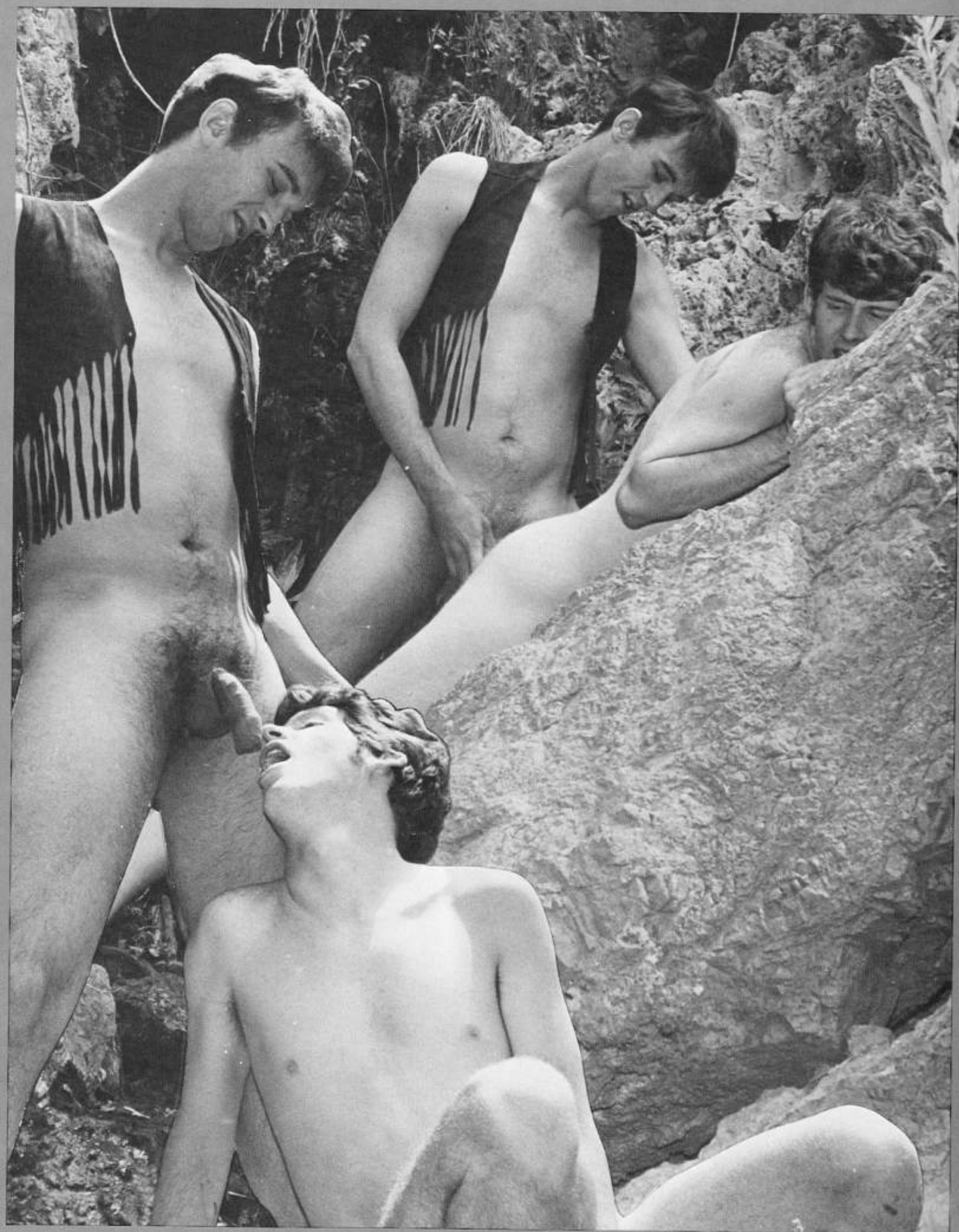
But he conveniently still had the noose around his neck so all I had to do was grab hold of the

trailing end of the rope and just bring his escape to a screeching halt! Naturally he acted like he was all up set about it, and he *begged* me to use the whip on him again. He said that he had been a bad boy and he deserved to be punished again.

Okay. I went along with that and really let that whip tear across his flesh. And every time it hit him I could see his tender prick give a jerk. That same dork that had shot off like a firehose in my mouth a few minutes before was now starting to stand up again and beg to be sucked.

Well, it just looked so tempting that I couldn't restrain myself. I went down on him again, and this time it took a long time before he emptied himself of his load. And as you can imagine, I was by then at the point of al-





most *bursting*.

I mean, my own pool of sperm was boiling and threatening to overflow at any second, so I told Randy that it was his turn to do me. He dropped down then and took my beef stick in his mouth.

Ah! What a delight that was! He started in sucking like a human vacuum cleaner, and before long I could feel the good stuff moving along inside me and heading for freedom. And then, just as Randy began to let his teeth scrape gently along the underside of my organ, I erupted with full force, almost knocking him off his feet with the jetting pressure of my ejaculation.

And you know something? Even after I finished coming in his mouth I was still hot and hard! Maybe it was all that exciting action with the whips. Or maybe it was the stimulation of being out in all the glory of nature. I don't know, and I don't really care.

All I was aware of then was the need to come again, so I figured I'd just go ahead and give it to sweet Randy's backside.

He leaned forward against a flat rock while I stood behind him, spreading his round, fully packed ass cheeks. Then, when I had a clear passage to his puckered hole, I just pressed my thick, long organ up between his buns and *shoved*.

And Randy was pretty good about it. Of all my boys I think Randy's able to take the most of my hardness that way. I can get it up him almost to my kinky hair, whereas most of the others—Pete, Bruce and Kirk—they can only handle about half of it.

Of course it depends on how greased up they happen to be. That has a lot to do with it. And what position they happen to be in. That means a lot too.

But anyway, that's how Randy and I spent last Sunday afternoon, and Kirk listened to all I had to say with burning ears.





A lot more of Kirk was burning than just his ears! His whole body was aflame with seething, savage desire, and to help ease the pain of that ecstasy I pressed my naked length against his, our mouths crushing together in mad, hedonistic love.

My manhood was rigid and straining and I wanted *so very much* to bury it in Kirk's tight hole, but I was considerate enough to realize that he needed his pleasures too. I rolled over on my side then, drawing one leg up so that the entrance to my rear garden was available to his assault.

I reached behind me as Kirk tenderly kissed my shoulders and my arms. Below his wiry thicket was his rod and his jewels, and he was *tight*.

I gently caressed each of his nuts, rolling one against the other, and as I did this Kirk moaned with passion. Oh, I knew how *desperately* he wanted to empty himself in me. So with my free hand I drew his hard body against mine and indicated to him that I was more than ready for his thrusts.

He slipped up inside me quickly, since the position we were in afforded easy, simple penetra-

tion. But unfortunately poor Kirk was so hot that he was only able to wiggle around in my tight channel for a couple of seconds, and then I felt the hot surging jets of his torrential come as he hosed me down with brute force.

Every time he jetted he groaned passionately, and I felt his whole body surge and press up behind me with the love that only one man can feel for another. Oh, how wonderful it is making it with my boys!

Then, after Kirk released all of his orgasmic tensions, we switched positions and he actually pulled me down on top of him. I mean, that's how eager he was to bring pleasure to me!

I had to laugh though, 'cause he was so eager about it that I could hardly get my thick cock into position for the penetration. But finally I managed it and I slid up into him hotly and with jungle lust.

We made it like that for several long minutes, and then we decided to try some variations. I pulled back out of Kirk's musky depths, reluctant as I was to give up the pleasures of his fanny, and I waited until he got down on his hands and knees in the so-called doggie position.



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Some people call it the in-flight position, but I don't see any reason to get fancy for what boils down to just plain screwin', if you get my meaning.

Anyway, the position that we got into then is very interesting 'cause it makes for a tighter feel, and that's what makes for a good, hot come. The tighter the track is, the hotter the lava flows. That's a basic law of sex.

Well, it didn't take long thrusting around in that candy ass before I just couldn't contain myself any longer. And when I let loose with my load I felt Kirk's ass muscles clamp down around my whang, almost as if he was tryin' to milk the stuff out of me. But unfortunately it doesn't work quite like that.

After I finished coming inside him I found that I was still hard. It's funny how sometimes that happens to me. You know how lots of guys just wilt down like sagging flowers right after they cream. A lot of times I'll do the same thing, and I'll need some extra stimulation before I can get it up again. But then there are the times when I just stay hard and I'm ready to start in again for another hot round.

We decided to swing together









then, and we just drifted easily into a position for some sixty-nine action. Although instead of layin' on our sides we decided to make it in the old top-bottom style.

Kirk sprawled out on the bed and I got on top of him with my long dork dangling down over his face. Then the two of us just dug in like soldiers invited to a Sunday dinner! I mean, we just *couldn't* have sucked any hungrier than we did!

Finally I just got so carried away breathing in Kirk's musky body scent that I just drew his legs up and around my head and licked him *all over*!

And when I plunged my squirmy, snaky tongue right up into his hole, well, the poor boy just blasted off into orbit and creamed right in my face.

I licked all of his good stuff away then, savoring each drop as it went down my throat, and then I settled back to tell him about the first time that Pete and I made it together in the woods.



THE GOLDEN BOY





The first time I made it with Pete was extra special to me, mainly 'cause he'd been such a challenge to me. And when I'd finally got him . . . when I finally had him interested enough to become one of my boys, well I had all of the pleasure and satisfaction of anyone who sets out to conquer something and succeeds!

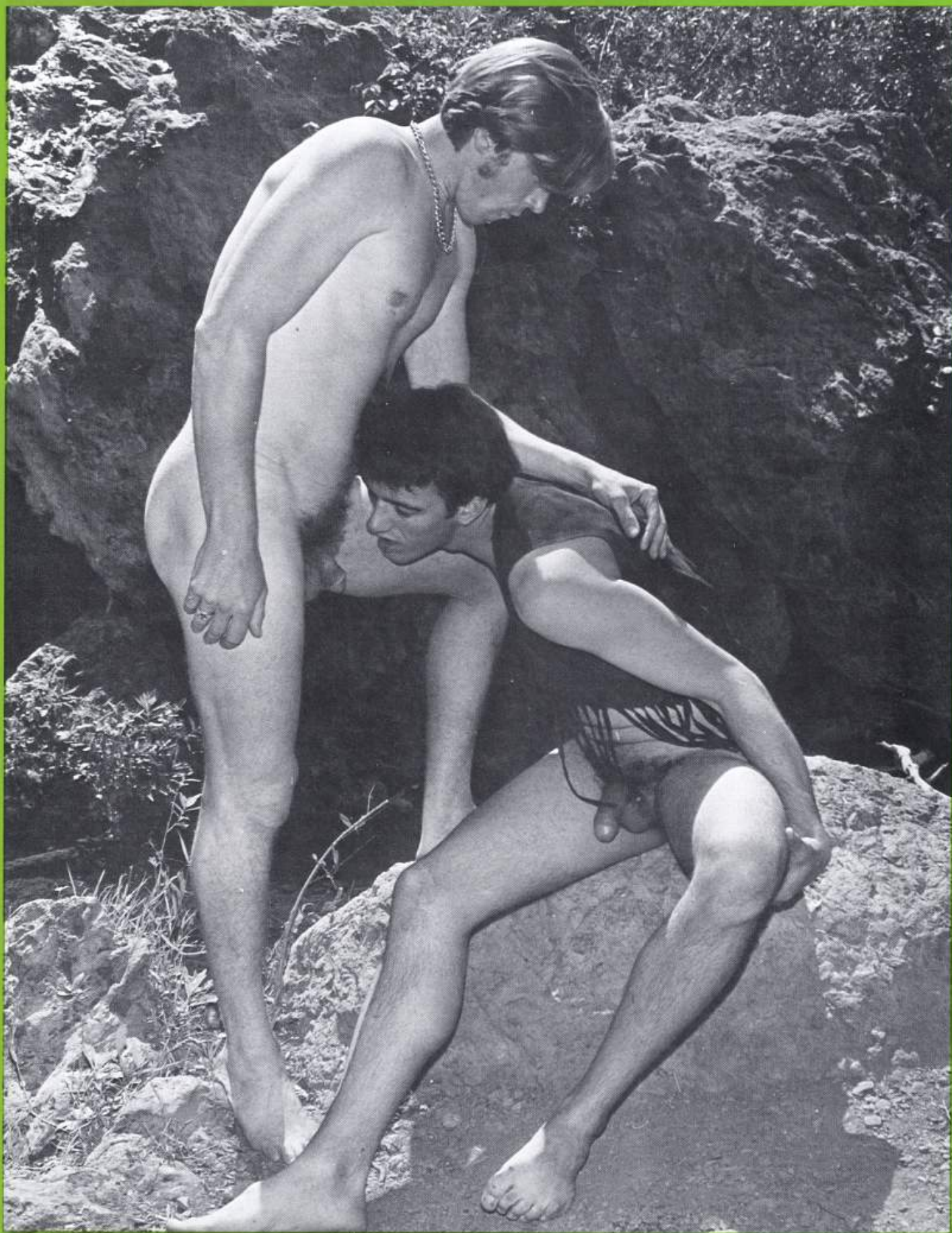
The first thing about Pete that

caught my eye was his golden blond hair. I've always been a real sucker for blond hair, and when I saw him workin' behind the soda fountain at the drug store with his blond hair standing out against his bronze tan, well, I almost creamed in my jeans!

I won't go into all the details of how I made him one of my boys. That's a trade secret. Suf-







fice it to say that we recognized each other for what we are almost right away. I sat down at the fountain and ordered a banana split, and Pete served me up the biggest banana split I'd ever seen! Complete with a gallon of whipped cream!

An hour or so later we were rolling together in my apartment, and I made *him* the biggest, creamiest banana split he'd ever had! The only thing I couldn't give him was a cherry! But that's all right. A cherry can be like a headache—out of sight, out of mind!

Shortly after that first session with Pete I knew that I was going to have to take him to my nature camp. Making love in the apartment is fine, but it can't compare to really coming out among the bushes and the trees. I mean, a guy can really let his balls hang loose out in all that nature.

The very first available weekend that wasn't promised to one of my other boys was set aside for Pete. I'll never forget that afternoon. Pete was a little hesitant about going out into the woods. He was so *shy* then ... still is, as a matter of fact.

There was nothing wrong with him, you understand. It was just that he'd never been out in such a rustic element before. I guess you could call Pete a city fella, and that's kinda surprising 'cause when you meet him one of the things that most impresses you is his ruggedness.

Not that he's got a great build, or anything like that. He's got a fine build but nothing really *muscular*. And that's good, 'cause I really don't take to the hard muscled guys. I like a fella to be hard in other ways!

But I got a little sidetracked from my story there. Excuse me. I was tellin' about that first weekend with Pete and about how shy he was. I even had to take his hand and help him across the stream.

Not that I really minded. As





soon as I took his hand in my own my whole body started to buzz and tingle with the anticipation of balling him. I mean, I

told you what blond hair does to me. I just freak out!

Pete's feet were starting to hurt him so he sat down on the

nearest flat rock. I stared at his crotch and then went over and sat beside him, slowly easing myself back onto his lap.











We kissed then, and in a few short minutes we dropped trou and got down to business. Although if we did what is considered business, then I certainly understand what they mean when they talk about mixing business with *pleasure*!

Pete and I took turns going down on each other and bringing a gushing climax to each other. He was especially impressed with the size of my rod, even more so than when he first got a taste of it in the apartment. But I guess being out in the open had something to do with that. It seems like the great outdoors offers a lot of room to grow!

His prong was a tasty tidbit for me. Of course any new meat tastes good, but his was *especially* vintage since he was one of my boys.

Oh yes. By then Pete and I had a very *definite* understanding. I laid down the ground rules

to him and he was more than willing to accept them. He's such a *doll*! And gentle, too.

That was such a glorious day. Every time we kissed I couldn't help but caress his long strands of golden hair. *Oh! What that stuff does to me!*

By the end of the day we'd gotten to know each other *very* well. Besides tasting each other's salty loads many times, we'd each used our hard bones to give the other a nice massage.

And you know what? Even though Pete claimed that he wasn't the rugged outdoors type, he liked my camp so well that he got down on his knees and *begged* me to bring him back to it.

Naturally I assured him that as one of my boys he'd be seeing a lot of the camp. Then, since he was down on his knees, I figured that he shouldn't waste the effort, so I had him suck me off.





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7. Would you describe your political leanings as right ☐ moderate ☐ or left ☐ ?
8. Would you describe your sex views as liberal or conservative?
9. Do you feel that present laws dealing with sex matters are outmoded?
10. Do you prefer reading articles limited solely to the subject of this magazine or would you enjoy a broader range?
11. Do you feel the reporting of current events has a place in your magazine?
12. Would you be interested in reviews of the latest books and movies relevant to the subject of your magazine?
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17. What do you like most about your magazine as it now stands?

Least:

18. What aspects of the photographic content would you like to see stressed?

Omitted?
19. Your favorite books:

movies:

television shows:
20. Other comments and/or suggestions:





Everybody Comes!

Just as I finished telling about that first time with Pete out in the woods, just when I saw that I had Kirk hot enough to go 'round again, what do you think happened?

There was a knock on the door and I scrambled into my pants to answer it. After all, a fella can't go to the door with his thick dork dangling from side to side, can he? Even if he is a nature lover like me!

I opened the door and lo and behold! There was Randy and Pete and Bruce, all standin' there with grins on their faces and hard ons bulging out at their crotches! What a surprise that was. A surprise and a real *treat* too, 'cause you know what we did? Well, in no time at all we were all stripped and sucking and screwing like the whole thing was goin'

out of style!

Bruce told me later that he and the other boys thought it would be real nice if they all dropped by on my day off, and I told him in no uncertain terms that I appreciated it very much! I went right down on him and worked him up to a good head of steam before I sucked all of his thick love juice out of his tubes!

Of course the thing my boys were interested in the most was my own massive dong. And that was perfectly understandable and normal as you can plainly see from the size of my organ. Randy, who sucks a mean whang, told me that I offered a guy enough meat for lunch and dinner combined!

That's what I like to hear. My boys are all very generous with their compliments and that



makes a fella feel good. And one of the biggest compliments they've ever given me was when they got down on their knees in front of me and started my big dick swinging back and forth like a *pendulum*. Then they all nuzzled in like calves coming to their mother for dinner. Each of my boys tried to get the thick mushroom head of my wand in his mouth as it swung back and

forth. That was really wild!

Things went on like that for several hours and finally we all got together in one of the grooviest daisy chains anybody's ever thought off. And that was something else! Besides the good feeling that I got from coming inside a nice tight ass, I also got the pleasurable sensations of feeling the body behind me and the one in front of me as each enjoyed

his own orgasm!

Then, after we had our fun and decided to relax, I told Randy and Bruce and Pete about all the things that Kirk and I had done that afternoon. And I told them how I'd related some of the events of the past weekends out at the camp.

And you know what? That turned all of my boys on so much that everybody wanted to









go out to the camp *that very minute!* And that's exactly what we did. We piled into Kirk's VW bus and took off for the wide open spaces. I wanted to pick up a couple of cartons of beer, but it was getting late by that time and everybody just wanted to get down to the *real* action.

Fortunately there was still plenty of sunlight when we reached the camp and we stripped down right away, anxious not to waste a single minute of all the fun we hoped to have with each other.

And nobody was disappointed, either. The wooded surroundings just brought the *real male lover* out in each of my boys, and we screwed around until sunset. By the time we finally went home, spent and limp, there wasn't an inch of my body that hadn't been licked and sucked!

After a while, as I saw all the fun we were having, I wished that we'd taken the time to stop



for the beer. A bottle or two of cool, refreshing beer would certainly have gone good as the hot summer sun beat down on our naked, brown bodies.

But nobody really seemed too concerned about there not being any beer around. I really don't think anybody was thirsty, when it came right down to it. I



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But nobody really seemed too concerned about there not being any beer around. I really don't think anybody was thirsty, when it came right down to it. I

noticed that Kirk was taking deep swigs from Bruce's gushing fountain, and as soon as he drained Bruce's tubes he moved on over to Pete for some more.

Randy didn't give Bruce even the time to catch his breath before he moved up behind him and snuggled his body against his. Randy worked it so that the

smooth, rounded curves of his body slipped right into the valleys of Bruce's body, and then, with one quick, skillful thrust, he sent his solid manhood deep inside Bruce who wiggled and moaned in delighted ecstasy.

I enjoyed seeing my boys making beautiful love together. I

mean it really did my heart good to see them melting in each other's arms and kissing and fondling each other with passionate abandon.

But don't get me wrong. As much as I liked to see my boys having the kind of fun they deserved, I still had my own aching feelings that needed relief.



















Kirk saw that I could use some lip service, so he dropped what he was doing and made a beeline for my swollen staff.

Ah! The sweet delight I felt as his wet warmth snuggled down around the thick, bulging end of my rod. My heart pounded with the beat of a thousand violins and I closed my eyes and gave in to the swimming sensation that threatened to overtake my consciousness.

I relaxed against the flat side of a smooth rock and drifted off into outer space as Kirk treated me *real fine!* I just wish you could have felt what I was feeling. I mean, it was enough to make you think that there is some good and decency in the world after all.

Kirk worked on me for several long minutes, and then I exploded like a volcano that had been storing up its lava for a hundred years. The jolt from my blast almost pushed Kirk off my pole, but I quickly reached down and pressed my hands in back of his head and kept him snuggled tight against me.

Then, when everything that I





had stored up inside me finally emptied out, I collapsed out of sheer exhausted pleasure.

At night I dream about the halcyon days that I've spent with Kirk and Bruce and Pete and

Randy out in the bare woods. Bare bodies and bare woods. Ah! My boys!

• • •



